

ALL IN COLOUR - MAKES LEARNING A JOY

Once Upon a Time

EVERY WEDNESDAY

No. 17 • 7th JUNE 1969

PRICE 1/3





Beauty and the Beast



1. "Whoever dares to steal my roses shall die!" roared the Beast, and Beauty's father sank to his knees. "I thought the castle was deserted," he gasped. "Spare me! I only plucked a rose as a gift for my favourite daughter." The Beast glared angrily. "I will only spare your life on one condition," he said.



2. "Name it," replied the merchant. "I will agree to anything." "Very well," said the Beast. "You must promise to return here within one month and bring with you whoever meets you first when you arrive home. That person must stay with me here. Do I have your word?" "Yes," answered the merchant. "Then go!" ordered the Beast.



3. Thankfully the merchant rode away from the enchanted castle. Although inside the castle walls the trees were green and the flowers were blooming just like summer, outside the snow was still deep. "What an odd request," thought the merchant. "I must return with whoever greets me when I reach home. I wonder why?"



4. "Supposing it is one of my sons or daughters," the merchant went on. Then he thought, "Perhaps it will be the cat or perhaps the dog. Then all will be well." But, alas! As he rode slowly towards his farm who should be standing outside, waving her hand in loving greeting, but Beauty.



5. The merchant's heart was breaking as he gave Beauty the white rose he had plucked in the Beast's garden. She kissed him fondly and led him into the farmhouse, where a great fire of welcome was burning in the fireplace. All his sons and other daughters were waiting for his news.

6. How sad and disappointed they were when he told them that his journey had been in vain and that his partners, thinking him dead, had shared out the money his ship had brought home. While they fell to arguing and quarrelling amongst themselves, Beauty tried to comfort her father.



7. "It is not because we are still poor that makes me so sad," said Beauty's father. Then he took his daughter's hand in his and went on to tell her how he had spent the night in the Beast's enchanted castle and of the promise he had made.

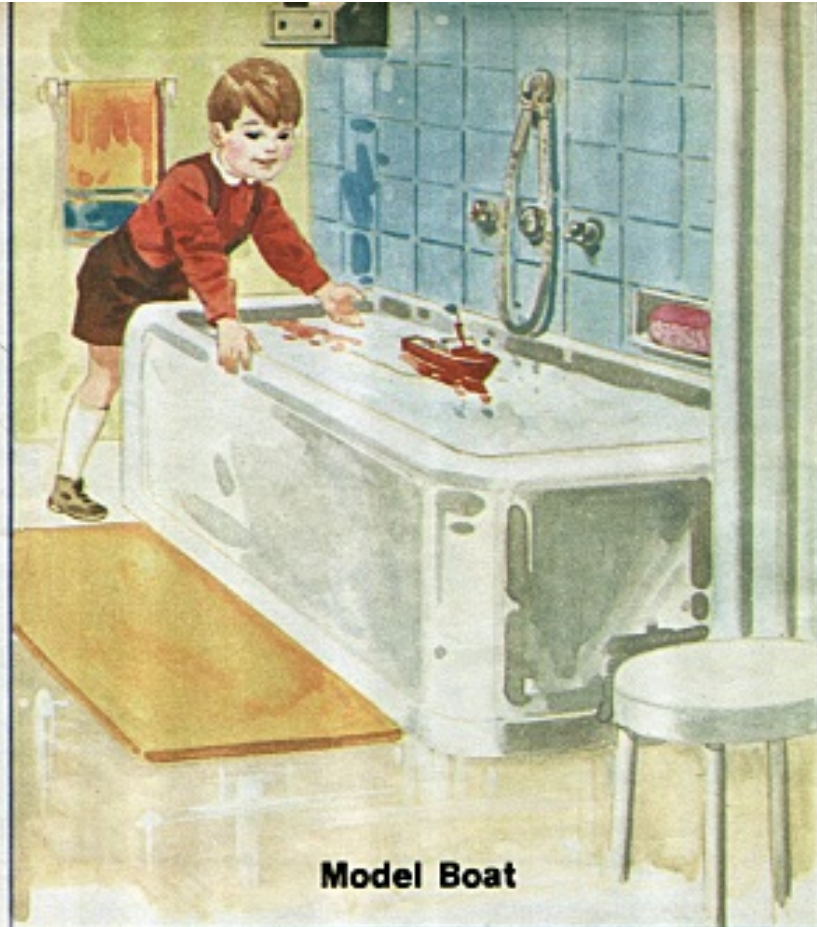


8. "Dear father," was Beauty's reply, "the promise you have given must be kept. I will go back with you to the Beast and try to persuade him to let us return home safe again." So, a month later, Beauty and her father set out to ride back to the enchanted castle.

Next week : Beauty meets the Beast.



Ball



Model Boat



These are our "Allsorts" pages.
Every week you can see all
sorts of Allsorts. THIS WEEK:

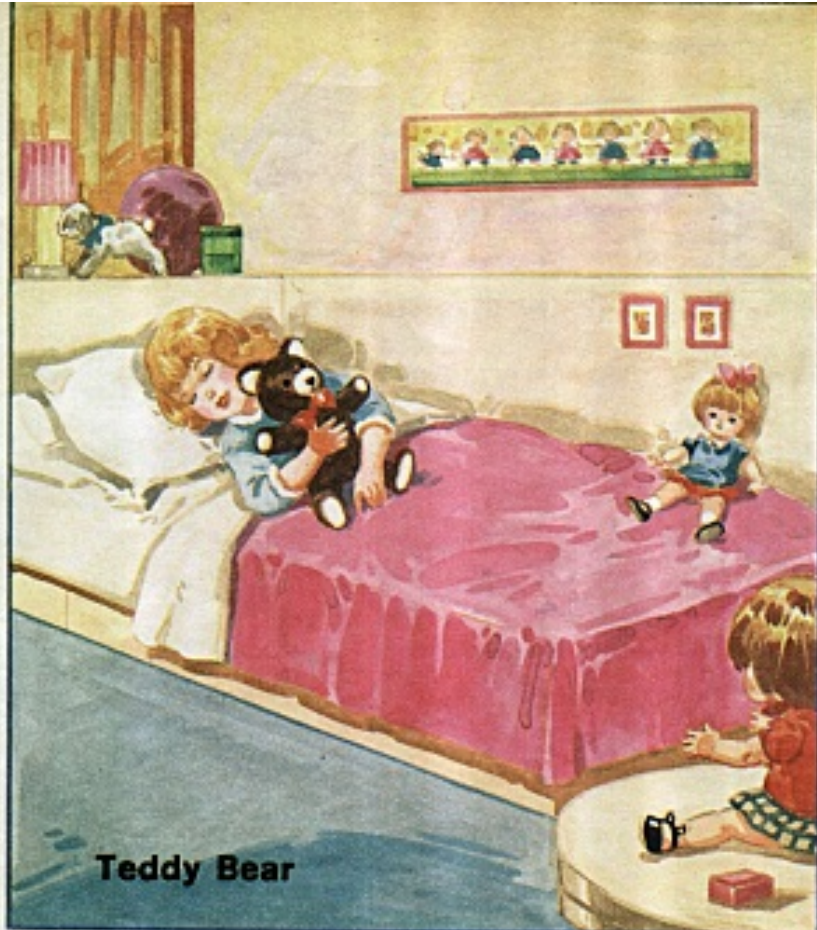
All Sorts



Doll



Pedal car



Teddy Bear



Wooden horse

of Toys



Model making



Train set

BRER RABBIT

Brer Rabbit and His Lucky Charm. By Barbara Hayes



THIS week I want to tell you all about Brer Rabbit and his Lucky-Charm. Just in case you do not know what it is, a lucky charm is something, usually quite small, that brings you luck if you keep it safely with you. But if you lose it or someone takes it from you, then you lose all your good luck and nothing turns out right for you at all.

Now there was once a time when Brer Rabbit was really being very naughty. Day in and day out he would play his tricks on the other animals, until the other animals were very angry with him.

Brer Wolf, he said that Brer Rabbit was a wicked magician.

And Brer Fox, he said that it was just that Brer Rabbit was plain smart.

And Brer Bear, he put his head on one side he did and he said: "How is it that all the *luck* is on Brer Rabbit's side?"

But none of the animals could think of an answer.

Then one day old Brer Bear sent word that one of his children was ill and he asked if Brer Rabbit's wife, Mrs. Rabbit, would drop round to look at the little bear. Mrs. Rabbit was kind enough to say that

she would and she filled her bag with herbs and ointments and put in her knitting and off she went.

When she saw Mrs. Rabbit, Mrs. Bear said, "Please come right in, Sister Rabbit. I'm really glad to see you. Now you can sit up with me and help nurse my little sick baby bear. And perhaps you will be able to tell me what is wrong with her."

You see, Mrs. Rabbit had brought up a lot of babies and she knew a lot about sick children.

So Mrs. Bear and Mrs. Rabbit sat side by side, knitting and chatting and watch-

ing the sick baby to try to find out what was wrong with it.

Now all this time Brer Bear's friend, Brer Wolf, was sitting outside on the verandah, rocking in a rocking chair.

Suddenly Mrs. Rabbit dropped her knitting and flung up her hands and cried out: "Gracious and goodness, if I haven't come running over here and left my husband's purse lying in our living room. And my Brer Rabbit, he has something in that purse that he wouldn't part with for all the world. Oh dear, I'm so forgetful!"

When he heard this, Brer Wolf, who, you remember, was sitting out on the verandah, pricked up his ears and opened his eyes wide and listened very hard.

Well, Mrs. Rabbit, she didn't like to leave the sick baby bear but she was very worried about Brer Rabbit's purse lying in their home.

And old Mrs. Bear, she went on rocking her baby.

And old Brer Wolf, he crept quietly down the back steps and raced off for Brer Rabbit's house.

When he reached Brer Rabbit's house he pulled the latch string and opened the door. But when he did this one of the little rabbits, who had been asleep in bed, woke up and he called out, "Is that you come home, Mummy?"

Well, Brer Wolf knew he couldn't go in and steal the purse while the little rabbits were watching him, so he whispered, "Hush, go to sleep, honey. You know little rabbits shouldn't be awake after dark."

And with that, the drowsy little rabbit snuggled down and grumbled a little to himself and went off to sleep again.

Then Brer Wolf, he crept into the house, and he felt on the mantelpiece until he touched Brer Rabbit's money purse and when he touched it he took a firm hold of it and then ran right away from the house.

When he was safely away from the house, Brer Wolf opened the money purse and inside there was an imitation rabbit's foot.

When Brer Wolf saw the rabbit's foot he felt mighty good and he raced off home feeling like a man who has found a gold mine.

Well, time went by and Mrs. Bear's little baby got better and Mrs. Rabbit went home.

Of course, Mrs. Rabbit noticed that the purse had gone but she didn't want to get into trouble so she didn't say anything about it to Brer Rabbit.

At first Brer Rabbit himself didn't notice that the purse was missing.

It wasn't until he noticed that he didn't seem to be *lucky* any more that suddenly he started to think about his lucky rabbit's foot, which, of course, was Brer Rabbit's *lucky charm*.

Brer Rabbit searched all through the house, but, of course, he couldn't find his purse anywhere.

And Brer Rabbit said to himself, "I *know* I put my lucky charm in my purse, but I don't know where I left the purse."

Brer Rabbit moped and moped. He moped round the house and he moped through the bushes but he didn't have any luck in anything at all.

But in the meantime Brer Wolf became as lucky as lucky could be.

Brer Wolf grew fat. Brer Rabbit grew thin.

Brer Wolf ran fast.

Brer Rabbit just loped along as slowly as old Sister Cow.

Brer Wolf felt fine.

Brer Rabbit felt very poorly.

Things went on in this way until, by and by, Brer Rabbit said to himself, "Something has just got to be done. I must go to see old Aunt Mammy-Bammy Big-Money."

I expect you children are all wondering who Aunt Mammy-Bammy Big-Money really was. Well, in those days there was a witch rabbit and her name was old Aunt Mammy-Bammy Big-Money. She lived a long way off in a dark swamp that was very difficult to reach.

Now Brer Rabbit walked and walked and walked and at last sat down to rest.

By and by he saw some black smoke coming out of the hole in the ground. This was where the old witch rabbit lived. The smoke grew blacker and blacker until, after a while, Brer Rabbit knew that the time had come for him to stand up and say what he wanted.

Brer Rabbit said, "Mammy-Bammy Big-Money, I need your help!"

And Mammy-Bammy Big-Money replied, "How is that, little Sonny Rabbit?"

"Mammy-Bammy Big-Money, I have lost the magic foot you gave me."

Then Mammy-Bammy Big-Money replied, "The wolf stole your lucky rabbit's foot, little Sonny Rabbit. If you want to be lucky again you must go and get your foot back from Brer Wolf."

And with those last words old Mammy-Bammy Big-Money crept back into her hole and pulled all the black smoke in after her.

At once Brer Rabbit set off for Brer Wolf's house and he hid himself amongst the trees and watched and waited and waited and watched.

After a lot of watching and waiting, Brer Rabbit saw that his time had come, because one morning Brer Wolf came out of the house with a bucket in his hand and went down to the river for some water.

As soon as Brer Wolf was out of sight, Brer Rabbit slipped up to the house and went in.

Inside was Mrs. Wolf frying some meat for breakfast, and there, hanging over a chair, was Brer Wolf's waistcoat, and tucked into the waistcoat was the purse that Brer Wolf had taken from Brer Rabbit's home.

When he saw his money purse, little Brer Rabbit's eyes shone. He jumped up and down to make himself out of breath and then he called out, "Good morning, Sister Wolf! Brer Wolf sent me after the shaving brush which he keeps in the purse that I lent him."

Sister Wolf was so startled that she almost jumped out of her skin. "I declare, Brer Rabbit, you've given me such a turn that I don't know what to do," she said.

But before she could get her breath back, Brer Rabbit had run into the house, snatched up the purse and run out again.

He didn't stop until he was safely home with his purse and his magic foot.

Now, if you want me to say which road Brer Rabbit took to reach his home, I'll tell you this. It certainly wasn't the road that led by the river, where Brer Wolf was filling his bucket with water.

And from the moment that Brer Rabbit arrived home with his magic foot all his luck returned to him and he was a happy little rabbit again.

There will be another Brer Rabbit story next week.



More Names of Groups

Do you know that names are given to certain groups of objects or animals? For instance, a herd of cattle.
Here are six more group names for you to remember.



A posy of flowers



A collection of paintings



A crowd of people



A flight of steps



A batch of bread



A gang of workmen

Fun with numbers: At the Circus

Here's some fun for you. Try to answer the questions about the circus. When you have finished you can check your answers with the correct answers that are printed at the foot of this page.



A. 3 jolly bandsmen are joined by 2 more bandsmen.

How many bandsmen are there altogether?



B. 3 performing seals are joined by another seal.

How many seals are there altogether?



C. 3 funny clowns are joined by 3 more clowns.

How many clowns are there altogether?



D. 4 elephants play football.

One walks off.

How many are left?



E. 4 lovely horses gallop round the ring.

2 run off.

How many are left?

Answers: A—5, B—4, C—6, D—3, E—2.



This story is a memory test. Read it carefully and then turn to page 16 and try to answer the questions about it.

OUT IN THE COUNTRY

THIS is the sort of lovely picture that makes you wish you were out for a walk in the country yourself, doesn't it?

How lucky are the farmer and his dog, as they breathe the fresh air blowing in from the sea. Can you point at the two of them as they stand under those two huge trees? How old do you think the trees are? They must be two hundred years old, at least.

The farmer and his dog have just left the village and they are now making their way across the fields.

"Keep away from those chickens," the farmer says to Rover, the dog. "They don't like being chased."

Can you see the chickens pecking round the hay stacks? They are very small, aren't they? And there are some more chickens in front of the white cottage in the centre of the picture. There are other birds in the picture, too. They are sea-gulls that you can see flying in the sky. They are looking for fish.

Underneath the gulls to the right are some sheds and boathouses. Can you see the little wooden jetty? Would you like to go boating from there?

Now, can you see that long bridge stretching across the bay? That is called a viaduct. There is a train crossing the viaduct but from here we can only see the smoke and steam from the engine.

This picture was painted during late autumn. Do you know how to tell that? Because there are no leaves on the trees and the countryside is brown and golden.

How splendidly the artist has drawn the sunshine falling across the fields.

Oh, how I wish I could run and throw a ball for the farmer's dog. What fun it would be!







Dick Whittington



1. Dick Whittington, homeless and hungry in London, had taken a job as a kitchen-boy in the home of a well-to-do merchant. But the merchant's cook was a sour-tempered woman who treated Dick harshly and made him work very hard.



2. Often she would beat Dick and send him to bed without anything to eat. Unhappily for Dick, the kind merchant who had given him the job was often away from home and did not know what was happening. Early one morning, Dick decided to run away.



3. He ran through the misty streets, vowing never to return to London again. When he paused to rest at Highgate Hill, the sun was shining. He heard the distant bells of London and they seemed to say: "Return again, Dick Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London."



4. Over and over again, the bells seemed to be saying the same thing, "Return again, return again." As Dick listened he made up his mind to go back to the merchant's house and hope that what the bells were saying would come true.



5. When Dick arrived back, the cook greeted him with angry words. Grabbing hold of him by the scruff of his neck, she lifted her hand to beat him, but Alice, the merchant's daughter, who rather liked Dick, stopped her. "Leave him alone," she ordered.



6. Alice was Dick's only friend but not until now did she know that Dick was so badly treated. She told the cook that in future she was to be kinder to Dick. One day when Dick was munching some bread and cheese on the back door-step he saw a cat.



7. The cat was thin, lonely and hungry. "As I was when I first came to London," thought Dick. He fed the cat and that night when he went to the attic to sleep, the cat went with him. It chased away the rats that had always bothered Dick at night. Dick was pleased.

Next week : How Dick Whittington became Lord Mayor.



Beautiful Pictures

Mike Davis, the world-famous photographer, took this photograph especially for "ONCE UPON A TIME". It shows a baby Palomino colt. How old do you think he is? Only two days. Isn't he sweet?

AUSTRALIA

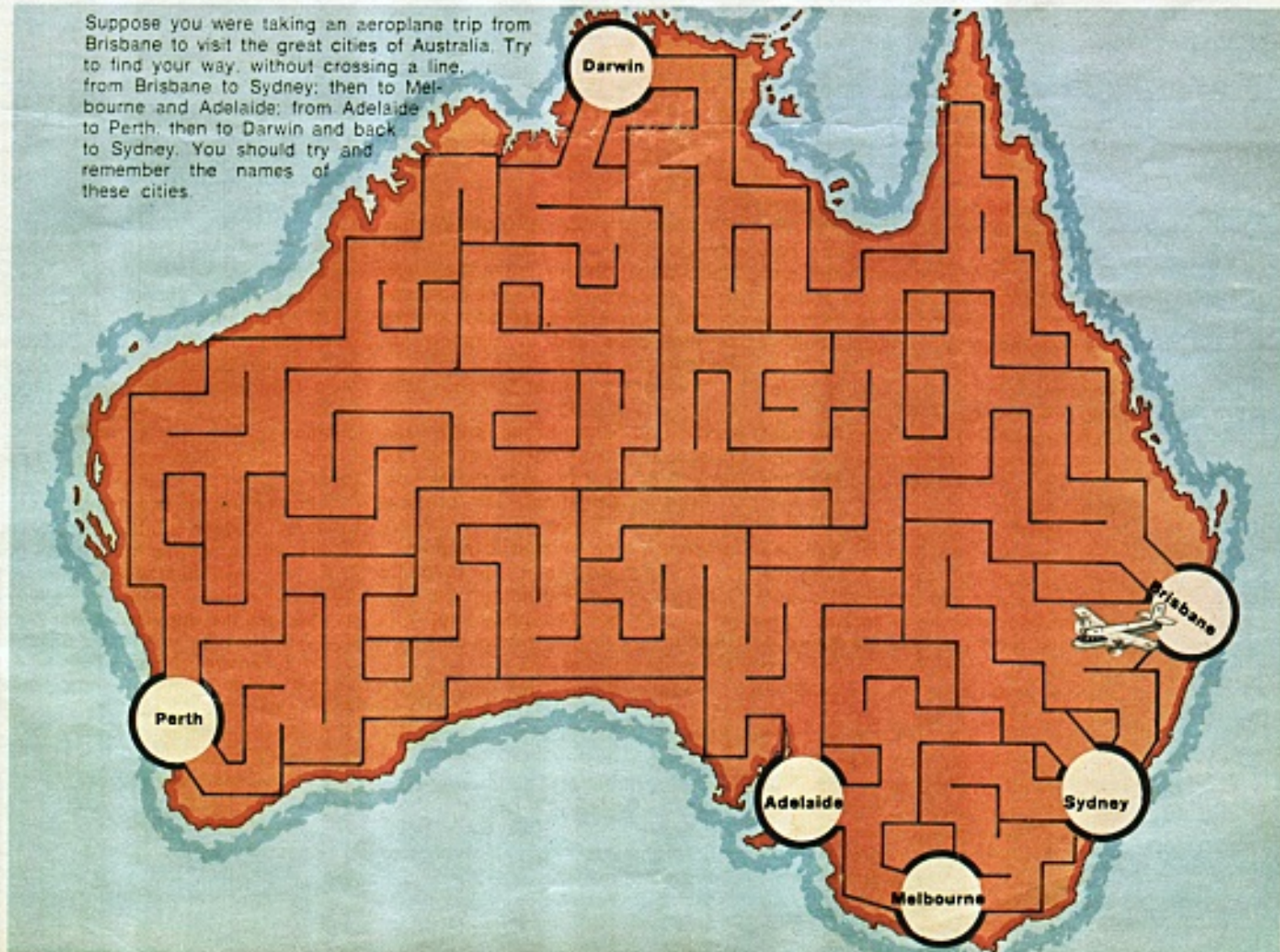


This is the National Flag of Australia. The five stars grouped together are the stars known as the Southern Cross. The large star is the Commonwealth Star.

The most famous Australian animal is the kangaroo, famous for its great leaps. If you colour in all the spaces marked with a dot in the drawing on the right, you will see that you have drawn a kangaroo.



Suppose you were taking an aeroplane trip from Brisbane to visit the great cities of Australia. Try to find your way, without crossing a line, from Brisbane to Sydney; then to Melbourne and Adelaide; from Adelaide to Perth, then to Darwin and back to Sydney. You should try and remember the names of these cities.





This week, the Town Mouse sends
the Country Mouse a present.
By Barbara Hayes.

THE TOWN MOUSE AND THE Country Mouse

NOW, as I expect most of you children know, there was once a town mouse and a country mouse.

The town mouse was called Stephanie and was very smart and gay. The country mouse was called Winifred and although she was very sweet natured, she was rather a stay-at-home, timid sort of person.

The town mouse, Stephanie, had been on a visit to Winifred in the country, but now she had gone home and Winifred had been left to get on with her quiet, little life in peace again.

By four o'clock one afternoon, Winifred's work was done. She put on the kettle and kept her furry little ears pricked well forward.

You see, she was listening for the *ting-a-ling-a-ling* of the bicycle bell belonging to her boy-friend, Bertie.

Most afternoons Bertie took half an hour off from his farm work and slipped across to Winifred's cottage for a cup of tea and as he came up the road, he rang his bicycle bell — *ting-a-ling-a-ling* — as a signal to Winifred to pour the boiling water into the teapot. Then by the time Bertie had come in through the front door and sat in the armchair by the fire, there was a nice hot cup of tea ready for him.

Suddenly — *ting-a-ling-a-ling* — there was the sound of the bell and Winifred scurried round making the tea in her old blue enamel teapot. In fact Winifred was in such a hurry that she gave the teapot a bang — CLONK! — on the side of the sink and a little piece of the enamel chipped off.

"It's lucky this isn't a fine, china teapot, or it would have been broken then," said Winifred to herself, feeling rather pleased.

You see, she knew that fine, china teapots were really more fashionable, but enamel teapots were cheaper and they didn't break, so Winifred used an enamel teapot. Then every time she banged her tea-

pot — BONK! — she felt it proved she was right not to have bought a china one that would have broken.

And, apart from that, Winifred liked looking at all the chips in her blue enamel teapot and thinking: "That chip was made the day Bertie helped with the washing up and slipped over on some soap — THUMP! — and that chip was made the day Rex the Wrecker (Winifred's naughty little neighbour) had thrown the teapot at the birds — WOPI — CLATTER-CLATTER!" The teapot had been empty, of course.

So when Winifred filled her teapot with tea that day and put it on the table, ready for tea with Bertie, Winifred felt that as well as being full of tea, the little blue pot was full of memories.

But Bertie had no sooner sat by the fire and said, "All right Winnie, my old love, pour me out some of the cup that cheers" than there was a — *thud-thud-thud* — of footsteps on the path, a *rat-a-tat-tat* of knocks on the door and in stepped Mr. Badger, the postman.

"I've got a parcel for you, Miss Winifred," he said.

Winifred and Bertie were surprised. It wasn't often that parcels arrived by post for Winifred Mouse.

Even at Christmas and birthday times, when Bertie gave Winifred a present, he never sent it by post.

"There's no point in spending money on sending things by post when I've got two good feet," he used to say, and he always delivered his presents himself.

So little Winifred felt very excited as she unwrapped the parcel and Bertie and Mr. Badger, the postman, watched, full of curiosity.

Bertie would probably have been full of tea. "But never mind," he thought to himself, "life never works out just how you want it to, does it?"

At last, Winifred lifted out of the box a beautiful china teapot — the prettiest and most delicate that she

had even seen. It was really lovely.

Then, in the bottom of the box Winifred found a letter from her cousin, Stephanie, the town mouse.

The letter said:

Dear Winifred,

Thank you for my country holiday. Here is a present for you. It is a very expensive tea-pot.

Throw away your old tea-pot and use this one every day instead.

Love,

Steve

Well, Winifred read the letter and looked at the teapot and, for a moment, she was tempted to use it every day.

"It would be nice to see a pretty thing like that on the table," she said.

But then she thought, "Oh, suppose I broke it! What a waste that would be. No, I am better off with my old blue enamel teapot."

So Winifred put the lovely teapot away in a cupboard and just fetched it out when Stephanie came to visit. And Winifred went on using the blue teapot, with its chips and its memories.

How cross Stephanie would have been if she had known!

I don't think the two mice will ever understand each other, do you?

There will be another story about the mice next week.


Here are the questions about the lovely story on the centre pages. Try to answer the questions and then re-read the story to see if your answers are correct.

1. How old, at least, are the two huge trees?
2. What kind of birds are flying in the sky?
3. What is the railway-bridge across the bay called?
4. What was the time of the year when the picture was painted?






Letty Lovell



1. Once upon a time there lived a lovely lady named Letty Lovell. She had lots of money and she lived all alone, except for her spaniel, Spot. When she took Spot out for walks, all the unmarried men in Town would turn and smile at her. Letty knew that they all wanted to marry her.

2. But when she got home she would always take out her little hand-mirror and look into it and say to herself, "You must marry only for love. Only then will you be truly happy. One day the right man will come along."



3. There was one person who thought he was the right man. He was Squire Thomas Goodacre, who owned a splendid farm. For a long time Squire Thomas had been thinking about getting married. "A farmhouse needs a woman's touch," he would say. So the squire kept his eyes and his heart open. As soon as he saw Letty Lovell he said, "She shall be my wife." But when he visited her with his dog, Rags, she said,

"No."




Illustration by J. G. Jones



4. Spot would have nothing to do with Rags, either. "No?" said Squire Goodacre. "You cannot mean it. I'll not take 'No' for an answer. Please come with me." The Squire led Letty to his farm and pointed to it. "All this shall be yours if you marry me," he told Letty. The trouble with Squire Goodacre was that he was a very proud man. He thought a lot of himself and could not believe that Letty would refuse him.



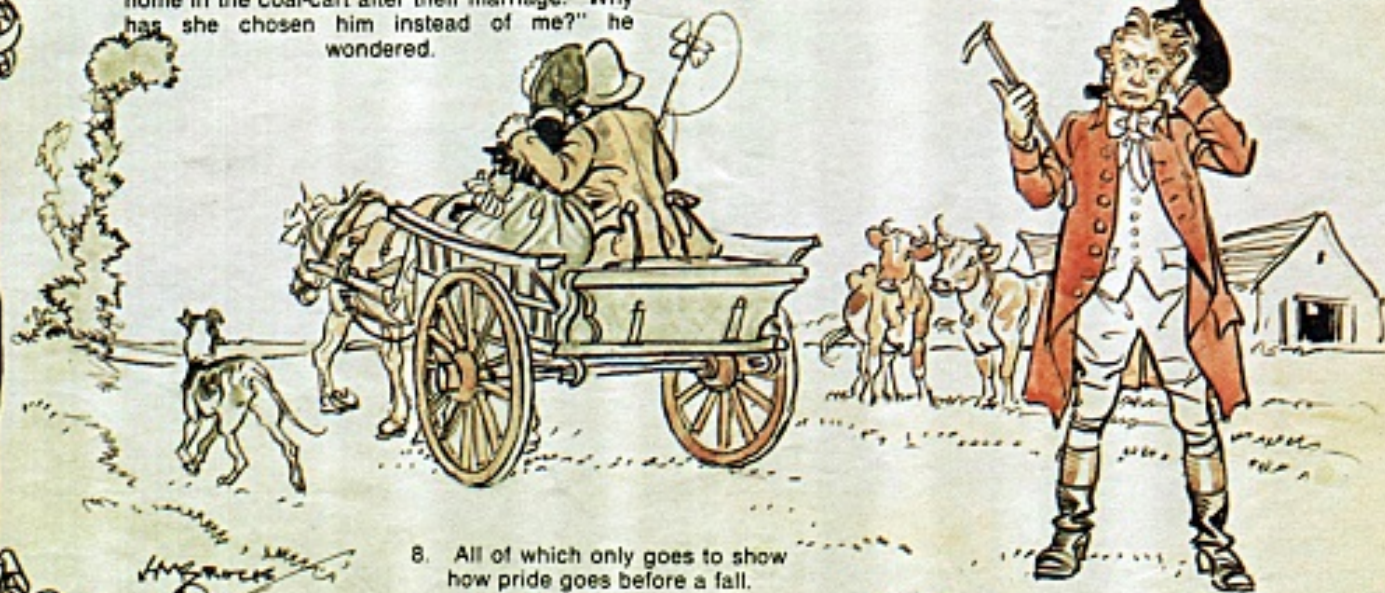
5. But Letty still said, "No. I do not love you and I shall only marry for love. Only then will I be truly happy." So she left the Squire and went home. Next day she was out for a walk with Spot when she passed a coal-mine. There, loading his cart, she saw Jimmy Coke, the coalman. "Good afternoon, Miss Lovel," said Jimmy politely.



6. Letty smiled but she was watching her dog, Spot, who was making friends with Jimmy's whipper, Streak. "Your dog seems to like my dog," said Letty. Jimmy grinned through the coal-dust on his face. "Just as I like you," he said boldly. Letty took his arm. "You are the man for me," she said.



7. Yes, Letty and Jimmy had fallen in love with each other. Proud Squire Goodacre was cross when he saw them some weeks later driving home in the coal-cart after their marriage. "Why has she chosen him instead of me?" he wondered.



8. All of which only goes to show how pride goes before a fall.

About forty years ago it was thought that airships would provide the air travel of the future. These were really huge balloons and many of them were made, but they were not very successful.



Here every
week you will be able to
read these

STRANGE BUT TRUE

facts which have been gathered
for you from all over
the world.



When the silkworm caterpillar is ready to turn itself into a moth it weaves a cocoon around itself. By unwinding this cocoon we obtain the thread, which is spun into silk.



One of the most famous waterfalls in the world is the Niagara Falls, 158 ft. high, on the border of Canada and North America. A French acrobat, named Blondin, once crossed Niagara Falls on a tightrope whilst carrying a man on his back.

Between America and Africa a large area of the surface of the Atlantic Ocean is covered by dense sea-weed. It is "The Sargasso Sea" and when sailing ships regularly crossed the Atlantic many of them were wrecked there.

